

of the young man, who came to his feet trembling a little, and said: "I don't mind it so much, if you only stick to me, Vandewaters."

A smile flickered about the corners of Vandewaters's mouth.

"Take a little more whiskey," he said; "then get into bed, and go to sleep. No nonsense, remember; go to sleep. To-morrow morning we will talk. And see here, my boy,"—he caught him by both arms and fastened his eyes,—"you have had a lesson: learn it backwards. Good night."

Next morning Mr. Vandewaters was early in the grounds. He chatted with the gardener, and discussed the merits of the horses with the groom, apparently at peace with the world. Yet he was watching vigilantly the carriage-drive from the public-road. Just before breakfast-time a telegraph messenger appeared. Vandewaters was standing with Sir Duke Lawless when the message was handed to him. He read it, put it into his pocket, and went on talking. Presently he said: "My agent is coming from town this morning, Sir Duke. I may have to leave to-night." Then he turned, and went to his room.

Lady Lawless had heard his last words.

"What about your ranche in Colorado, Duke?"

"About as sure, I fancy, as your millionaire for Gracia."

Miss Raglan did not appear at breakfast with the rest. Neither did Mr. Pride, who slept late that morning. About ten o'clock Mr. Vandewaters's agent arrived. About twelve o'clock Mr. Vandewaters saw Miss Raglan sitting alone in the library. He was evidently looking for her. He came up to her quietly, and put a piece of paper in her lap.